

Best Laid Plans

by hypercamera3

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Summary: The best laid plans of dragons and men often go awry.

1. Best Laid Plans

The mountain didn't have a name. It was simply a jagged peak that no one from Berk had ever been foolish enough to climb. A cold breeze had just started from the east, and, for the first time in as long as he could remember, it felt good on Hiccup's face.

Toothless came up to him and ran his tongue along Hiccup's face. He was whimpering. As far Hiccup could assume, they must of taken a bad fall. That would, at least, explain the splitting headache and the burning in his chest. The last thing he remembered was the war horns blaring, hopping on Toothless, and flying out to stop the fleet of ships attacking Berk.

He swallowed his saliva and tried to best to clear his throat. "...Hey, Bud-" He broke out into a fit of coughing. Toothless took a defensive stance, a look of worry flashed across his face. "I'mâ€|" He took a few heavy breaths. "I'm fineâ€|" Toothless," He lied.

He never felt worse in his life. Everything hurt. He closed his eyes tight and tried to force himself to sit up. The pain went up his spine like a lightning bolt. He shivered, and he felt every muscle and bone in his body screech in pain. The pain was sharp, and he couldn't bring himself more than a few inches off the ground, otherwise his breathing went ragged. "AH!" Was the only word he could choke out before he let his head hit the dirt.

That made the pain shoot up his spine again, and he clenched his teeth, feeling like he was about to shatter them. He felt something in his chest. Hiccup craned his head to see what it was and released a weak sigh when he saw what it was.

One of the raiders' archers had managed a lucky shot. The arrow had penetrated his leather breastplate. It burrowed itself deep into his chest. There was only a small part of shaft sticking out of the leather. Besides that, the arrow had gotten him all the way to its fletchings. He tried to stand again, and he could feel the arrowhead's tip tearing the skin under his back. He winced in pain.

His eyes turned towards the grey sky. "Toothlessâ€¦ ah, where's Astrid?" Toothless gestured towards the sky with his chin, making that whimpering sound again. "Flyingâ€¦ Okayâ€¦" Breathing was painful. Hiccup needed to force himself to continue breathing, past the pain. Toothless started nuzzling up against him, which actually hurt more. He bit his lip and didn't let it show.

His friend was whimpering pitifully again. "Toothless, no.. No, you got me hereâ€¦ You did fine, justâ€¦" He made a mental note not to talk so much. "Toothless, Find Astrid. Bring here."

Toothless made a sound of disapproval and only moved closer.

"I'll be fine," He said calmly. "Fine."

Toothless' look of worry didn't leave, but he nodded and started crawling away, keeping his eyes on Hiccup. When he got to the edge of the cliff, Toothless stopped, looking back at his rider. Hiccup nodded to him and Toothless leaped off and took to the skies.

He moved his arm to his thigh and found his dagger. Between his heaviest breathes, where he could get the most strength, he started cutting open the side of his leather armor. He tore the dagger into the side and started slicing upwards, until he managed to get to his shoulder. He started unbuckling all the extra leather padding he wore, letting it fall off him.

Now, the hard part. He moved his hand to the arrow and gripped it by the fletchings. He started with a soft tug, and the scream he released was loud as a dragon's roar. He turned his head and grabbed his released shoulder pad in his teeth. He started pulling on the arrow harder. The screaming was blocked out by the biting down on the pad. He could feel the imprints his teeth were leaving in the boiled leather.

The arrow was partly out of his armor after an excruciating minute. He grabbed the arrow with both hand and broke the arrow at the fletchings, which only hurt more. Now, Hiccup grabbed the leather from the seam he'd cut and pulled the armor off his chest. It gave him a good view of the arrow and the wound, soaking his underclothes red.

Now, the harder part. He grabbed the arrow again, already biting on the leather, and started pulling the arrow slowly out of him. The arrow had gone through the dead center of his chest. It must have missed most of his vital points, otherwise he'd be in much worse shape. The arrow came out with mostly ease, until he got to the arrowhead itself, which was too stubborn to be released. He needed to be creative, and, painfully, used his dagger to slowly wrench the arrowhead free. Once it was out, he tiredly threw it off the cliff.

Breathing was still difficult, but he managed to sit up without all the pain from before. He shut his eyes, still taking slow, deep breathes. Finally, he lifted himself to his feet and started to, slowly, search through every pocket he had for the bandages he'd brought. He kept one hand over his wound at all times, pressing his shirt into the wound. It'd already mopped up too much blood.

Hiccup remembered that he had left them in his pack, which was attached to Toothless' saddle. He shook his head and wanted to punch himself. All he could do was wait for Toothless to return with Astrid before he could do anything. He noticed the little drops of blood spilling out of his shirt and onto the dirt and rocks.

He took a step back to sit down again, but felt the world shake beneath him. He felt light-headed, and everything was spinning around him. He still felt the pain, and losing the blood wasn't helping. Hiccup needed to sit, to steady himself. He was about to fall backwards, but he felt himself tip sideways and hit the ground. He felt like he was falling when he passed out.

Toothless landed, frantic. Astrid leaped off Stormfly and ran to the cliff. "Where is he?" She shouted at Toothless.

Toothless turned to her, frightened more than anything and let out a wail of confusion. Astrid moved in front of the night fury, only finding a collection of leather armor, broken bits of an arrow, and a trail of blood leading off the cliff.

2. Good Ending

So, after the posting of this fic, I received a few reviews, and one of them was a death threat from a friend of mine. As part of an agreement I made with him, this story will now have an actual completion. This is my friend **Regis****' ending. He wrote the Good Ending. **

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><p>"NO!" she screamed, a denial of the reality in front of her. She ran to the edge to confirm her fear, but she couldn't see through the waves of the brackish water as they crashed against the cliff face. But Toothless could. He dived off the cliff like a lightning bolt from Thor's own hand. He aimed for a dark object that was already submerged underneath the waves. Toothless pierced the water like an arrow.<p>

He shot back out moments later flying straight up and then circling back to the cliff where Astrid was. She ran forward to meet him as he landed roughly in the dirt, rolling several times. He opened his wings and legs to reveal his cargo and Astrid felt as if her heart had leaped up her throat.

It was Hiccup, but not like she had ever seen him before. He was deathly pale, his breathing shallow and ragged between the moments where he coughed up sea water. But what was horrifying was _deep _gash in his chest. It looked like he had been run through with a sword.

"Hiccup?" she asked hesitantly. When he didn't respond she shook him,

"Hiccup? Hiccup!" But he wasn't responding. "Sorry about this," she apologized in advance. Then she slapped him, hard.

"DAMMIT!" he roared, his voice jaded. He jackknifed up and then fell back down immediately. He was awake now but he still looked like he awaiting entrance to Valhalla. "What do I do?" she asked him. She was a warrior, not a healer. This was beyond her. He grabbed her wrist. His grip was weak. "Burnâ€¦the woundâ€¦" he gasped out.

"What?" she asked. Worry mixed with confusion clouded her face. "How?"

"Heatâ€¦daggerâ€¦withâ€¦dragon fire."

She understood immediately.

"Stormfly!" she called. The nadder walked over. Astrid drew her dagger and held it away from her body. "Shot Blast," she called out. Stormfly shot fire at the blade making sure to avoid hitting her rider's hand in the process. The force of the blast was still strong enough to knock the dagger from Astrid's hand. But the job was done. Astrid retrieved the dagger and saw how it glowed with heat.

She walked back over to Hiccup, unbuckling her left vambrace as she went, the glowing dagger held carefully in her left hand. When she reached him, she knelt down and placed the leather in his mouth.

"Clamp down", she said. "This is going to hurt." Then she pressed the dagger to the wound.

Hiccup clamped down on the leather vambrace, as a searing hot pain tore through his chest, causing him to buck. His primal scream of pain was muffled by the vambrace. Toothless tensed, snarling a sound of warning, but didn't move from where he crouched next to Hiccup. He trusted the human female to make sure that the friend-of-his-life survived. If she was causing him pain, then it was because she had to for his sake.

The heat faded, but the wound still throbbed. Stars danced across Hiccup's eyes as he looked down to make sure the wound was sealed. It was. The dagger had done its job, leaving him with a shark fin shaped burn mark that was guaranteed to scar extending half way across his chest. That would hurt for a while but at least he would live if the blood loss didn't kill him. With that thought he stood up, only to have his vision tilt. He would have fallen if Astrid hadn't caught him. "What happened?" she asked, as she helped him onto Toothless' saddle. He leaned on Toothless' back unable to support himself

"Raiderâ€¦got luckyâ€¦arrowâ€¦buriedâ€¦up toâ€¦fletching," he managed to wheeze out between, jagged breathes. "Had toâ€¦cutâ€¦it out."

She flashed him a worried look when he had a coughing fit. He repeated the lie he had told Toothless. "I'm fine," he said. He was better off than he was before now that the wound was closed but there was still a chance that the blood loss would lead to him dying by infection or even a minor illness. As long as he didn't strain himself and didn't get sick he would probably be fine.

"How is the battle going?"

"We drove them off, and no one got hurt except for well, you."

"Hurt underestimation."

She remained silent.

Hiccup paused for a moment, thinking things over. "Mount up. Home. Rest."

Astrid mounted Stormfly and both dragons took off, flying back towards Berk.

The chief was waiting in the center of the village when they arrived. His eyes widened with shock at the wound on Hiccup's chest. He had left it uncovered because the cold wind had numbed the wound on the ride home. "What happened!?" he asked his son. Hiccup gestured to Astrid with his chin, a request for her to explain to his father what had happened. He was tired from talking to Astrid so much after waking up.

"A raider got a lucky shot off. His arrow sank up to the fletchings into Hiccup's chest. He dug the arrow out with his dagger but he had lost too much blood, so we had to burn the wound to seal it." She explained quickly.

When he saw his father tense, he wheezed out: "Missed vitals."

He relaxed slightly. Hiccup glanced at Astrid, sending her a silent "thank you" for not telling his father about the part where he fell off the cliff.

"Home rest," Hiccup told his father.

"Alright, just so you know, we drove them off but they will be back. The damage we dealt to the fleet wasn't very much, and they will probably return after a week of repairs going by Gobber's guessing."

Hiccup looked at Astrid. She understood what he wanted. "I'll take the rest of the riders to patrol around the island and make sure they don't sneak up on us." Hiccup nodded, and then flinched as the action elicited a sharp pain in his chest. After it faded a few seconds later he patted Toothless on the side of the head and whispered "Home." Toothless took care of the rest.

Hiccup woke up with a splitting headache and a throat so parched it felt like it was cracking. As his vision focused he looked to the left of his bed to see Toothless lying down on the floor, watching him. His voice came out raspy. "Hey bud. You've been watching over me huh?" Toothless made that sound between a cough and a whine, which meant he was laughing. "What's so funny?" Toothless looked toward the other side of the bed. Hiccup followed his gaze, and then had to freeze to prevent himself from making any sudden moves.

Astrid was sitting close to his right hand, her head resting on her arms as she lay partially on the bed. Her breathing was even as she slept, dressed in her armor. Hiccup blinked slowly. _Wow_. Toothless

laughed again. Hiccup's voice was a panicked, dry whisper. "Shhh! What if you wake her up!? You know she will kill me if she catches me seeing her like this. How long has she been here, anyway?'

Toothless did five slow, deliberate blinks. Hiccup paused.

Five days.

Hiccup had been asleep for five days.

That meant he had less time to prepare for when the invaders returned. Less time to forge that new piece of armor he had dreamed about. And even less time to think about this. It wasn't that he wasn't enjoying the moment, because he was, very much so, but they really didn't have time for this with the invaders' return close at hand. However, he saw no harm in letting this moment last for a little while longer.

Preparations could wait for a little while.

Toothless closed his eyes, and began to hum. It was a sound that was filled with contentment.

3. Bad Ending

****And this is the ending I wrote for Regis. The Bad Ending. ****

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><p>It had been a week. Snotlout and the Thorstons were on the newest shift to search over the waters surrounding Berk. Toothless was in a constant state of worry, roaming aimlessly through the streets and finding his way to the Haddock household.<p>

Astrid and Stoick were the leaders of the search. Astrid commanded the dragon riders to search in the locations that she dictated. Stoick kept boats in the waters, always circling the island in the hopes of finding him. Occasionally, they found a body or a person on a piece of driftwood, but it was always one of the raiders from the attack on Berk those days ago.

There were always dragons in the skies searching. Initially, there had been too many to count on the search. Ships cluttered the waters like an overcrowded bee hive. Then, the numbers began to dwindle. And then they dwindled more.

There were two dragons flying at any given time. Stoick was always on board one of the five ships he had sailing. As desperate as they were, the people of Berk were losing their hope of ever finding the chief's son.

The dragons were landing and the ships were returning to port now. This was the time of rest during the search that they allowed themselves.

"We have to find him!" Astrid proclaimed when Stoick took a seat. He looked up at her with tired eyes and bent forward, holding his head in his hands. "â€|I'm sorry chief. I'm just worried."

"Aye. I be just as scared for 'im. But, I'm startin' to thinkâ€¦" He trailed off, sighing. Astrid moved to the huge man to say something, but Spitelout ran to them.

"Raider ships in view!" He exclaimed.

"Right, then prepare fer battle, don't just stand there!" Stoick was back to his feet quickly, grabbing his battleaxe.

Astrid grabbed his shoulder. Upon turning around, he was met with the wrath that had dominated her face; the anger at him for sidetracking himself from the task of finding his son. He groaned and stared down at her. "Astrid, I'm a chief first, an' a father secon'. There no point in looking fer Hiccup if we don' have a home fer 'im when he gets back." He left with that. She found her weapon and went off with him to join the battle.

The raiders made it closer to the island than they had on the previous attack. This time, a few of the ships had even managed to dock at the port before being completely cut down. The raiders had come with a fleet of ships, much more than they had come with during the previous attack. They were still no match for the army on Berk. The dragons were quickly sending their ships to the sea floor, burning wrecks manned by soon-to-be-dead sailors.

The chief gave all of his soldiers the single command to "Sink every ship." A massive ship docked, however. Along the mast, the sail was a giant cloth banner. It was a dragon's head on a black field; the dragon itself was decapitated and covered in blood. It had been a skull that decorated the sail during the last attack, this banner was fresh. Still, it was set ablaze quickly. The contents of the ship, the leader of the raiders and his main crew, funneled out onto Berk's soil.

Stoick was there to meet him, along with most of the forces that Berk had. They cut their way through the crew quickly. Stoick brought the man to his knees and raised his ax over his head to strike him down. The man, in response, only looked up at him and smiled. "Shouldn't you be looking for your son, Stoick."

The chief did not know how to respond, deciding to knock the raider out and drag him out of the battle. He left Gobber to tie the man down while the battle continued. The raiders were soon defeated, their ships were sunk, and it was left to the people of Berk to handle the stragglers and survivors.

Stoick dragged the raider captain into the meeting hall. He slammed him down and the man hit the floor bodily. He started coughing and the chief waved for a few others who were waiting to join him. Gobber, Snotlout, Fighlegs, the Thorstons, and Astrid all entered the hall, weapons in hand, and stood around the captain.

He looked around at his audience and smirked. "A crowd."

"Shu' up," Stoick interjected. "Where is my son?"

"Your son? Oh, yes, Hiccup right? That's what he said his name was." The raider never allowed his smirk to leave his face. "Did you like our new flag?"

The chief hit him. "Wha' did you do to 'im?"

The raider spit. "He begged and screamed that one did. Aye, we found him floating in the water when we circled around the island to get out of harm's way. Floating on his back, bleeding like a pig. He treated him real well, I swear it."

"Where is he?" Astrid demanded.

"I'm getting there, lass. We got him back to our island to the south. Tried to talk something out, we did," The raider started chuckling, stroking his white beard. "Attacked me before we put spears in his knees." That made those present wince, but he pretended to take no notice. "When we couldn't talk to him no more we started playing, I'll admit. Took off little bits of him, here and there. Fed them to the wild beasts. He kept everyone awake with his screaming. Day and night, for thrice days.

"He stopped being fun to all cut up. Built a big pyre, we did. We figured that if we sacrificed the son of the chief of Berk, the gods would grant us victory today."

"Stop it," Astrid called, stepping up to him. Stoick held her back.

"He kicked and cried the whole way when we dragged him out there." The raider rose to his knees, unable to go further with his bound wrists and ankles. "Getting him on the pyre was no trouble."

"I'll kill you."

"But his screams were like music to our ears."

Astrid ripped herself free from the chief's arms and jumped on the raider. She started releasing a series of strikes on his jaw. One repeated fist against his face after another. As she did it, the captain started imitating the voice of a boy: "AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. STOP! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH."

Astrid fell back from him. She crawled backwards to her friends while the man's imitation was broken up between laughter.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH. Hahaha, hahahha! Oh gods, it was hilarious. AHHHHHHHHHHH GODS, MAKE IT STOP. IT HURTS. IT HURTS. Hahahaha!"

Stoick kicked the man and shouted to Spitelout. "Get this bast'rd and put an ax in his gullet!"

Astrid was brought to her feet by the others. They supported her while she started sobbing, looking back at the raider.

The raider had descended into a fit of choking laughter.

End
file.